Α ΠΟΚΟΛΟΚΥΝΤΟΣΙΣ.

OR

A MOCKERY

UPON

The DEATH and DEIFICATION

OF

Claudius Cæsar.

Written in Latine by Lucius ANNÆus SENECA the Philosopher.

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OR

AMOCRACY

Claudius [illegible]

To the READER.

THis Book is Intituled ΑΠΟΚΟΛΟΚΥΝΤΟΣΙΣ, wherein Seneca exceedingly derides the pretended Deification of Claudius Cæsar, and, by the way, ſcoffs at the whole Apotheoſis of the Romans and Gracians, upon occaſion of that of Claudius, who fell into a lingring Conſumption by eating Muſhroms, his uſual diſh, poyſoned with Coloquintida, by the inſtigation of his Wife Agrippina, but by the ſubtlety of a Noble woman, Maſtris of that Art. Claudius Son of Druſus Germanicus, ſucceeding Caius in the Empire of Rome, is recorded to have been a Prince no leſſe Cruel than Fooliſh; inſomuch that his Mother Antonia was wont to call him a Monſter of Men, whom Nature had begun, not perfected: and when ſhe tax'd any man of much fooliſhneſſe, would ſay, He was more ſottiſh than her Son Claudius. His Grandmother Auguſta alwayes thought him moſt deſpicable, would never admoniſh him but by meſſages, or by ſhort & ſharp Letters. His Siſter Livilla, when ſhe heard he was to be Emperour, would openly lament the deplorable condition of the People of Rome. This man Lucius Annæus Seneca hath here painted forth in his proper colours; and perhaps was the more bitter, in revenge of the baniſhment he ſuſtained under him: though afterward Agrippina, being then married

o Claudius, *that ſhe might not be famous only for wick-*
d acts, interceded for Seneca, *and obtained not onely*
is releaſe, but his preferment to the Prætorſhip; con-
eiving it would be no leſſe grateful to the Publick, in
egard of his fame for Learning, then advantageous to
er, intending to uſe his help in the Education of her
Son Domitian, *and his advice in advancing him to the*
Empire; for ſhe believed (as Tacitus *ſayes) he would*
e a friend to her in reſpect of that benefit, and an ene-
my to Claudius *in regard of that injury. This may ſerve*
o declare the Authour's ſcope in writing this facetious
Tract; which is ſo oppoſite to the uſual gravity of Se-
neca, *that it hath been doubted by ſome to be his: but*
he unqueſtionable aſſertions of ſo many ancient teſtimo-
nies muſt needs remove that ſcruple. And becauſe the
Book hath never yet worn an Engliſh *Livery, but hath*
een totally omitted by the Tranſlator of the reſt of his
Works, as a Tract more buſy and difficult, interwoven
with various and acute verſes, it was the rather under-
aken for ſatisfaction of ſome private Friends, without-
hought of troubling the World with it. The Copies
hich are tranſmitted to us do without all doubt ſo differ
rom the Original, that they will ſcarce admit of ſenſe
n many places; and they who attempt the reconciliati-
n do but quarrel among themſelves: yet in the moſt dif-
cult paſſages the preſent Tranſlator makes uſe of ſome
f their Caſtigations, not with much approbation, but for
want of better, being unwilling to be too laborious in
trifles.

ΑΠΟΚΟΛΟΚΥΝΤΟΣΙΣ·

OR

A Mockery upon the Death and Deification of CLAUDIUS CÆSAR, *&c.*

WHat paſs'd in Heaven before the third day of the Ides of *October*, *Aſinius Marcellus* and *Acilius Aviola* being Conſuls, in that New year which gave beginning to a moſt happy Age, I will now declare: nor ſhall any thing proceed either from Injury or Favour. But if I be ask'd, how I know it to be true: Firſt, unleſſe I pleaſe, I will not anſwer. Who ſhall conſtrain me? I know I recover'd my liberty when he dy'd, who verifi'd the Proverb, *He muſt be born a Tyrant or a Fool.* If I liſt to anſwer, I'll ſpeak what comes in my head: Who ever required an Oath of an Hiſtorian? But if I muſt needs produce my Authour, ask him who ſaw *Druſilla* aſcend to Heaven: the ſame ſaw *Claudius* take his journey thither, though not with equal pace. Whether he will or nor, he muſt ſee what's done in Heaven. He is the Superviſor of the *Appian* way, which thou knoweſt *Auguſtus* and *Tiberius* took when they went to the Gods. If thou enquir'ſt of him, he'll whiſper to thee alone, but if others be preſent, will not ſpeak a word; for ſince he ſwore

in the Senate he ſaw *Druſilla* aſcend to Heaven, and no man gave any credit to ſo good news, he affirm'd in plain terms, that if he ſaw a man kill'd in the very Market-place, he for his part would not tell it. What I heard from this man, I relate for truth, ſo happy and ſincere do I eſteem him.

Now Phœbus *had abridg'd his riſing light,*
And the time ſooner did to ſleep invite.
And now prevailing Cynthia *her reign*
Improv'd, and fruitfull Autumn *did complain*
Of Winter's *ſad approach, which ſo bereft*
The Vines, few Grapes the Vintager found left.

I think it would be better underſtood, if I ſaid the Month of *October*, or the third day of the Ides thereof. I cannot tell juſtly the hour; Philoſophers agree more eaſily then Clocks: but it was between Six and Seven. Poets are too tedious in their deſcriptions; they cannot be content to deſcribe the riſing and ſetting of the Sun, but they will alſo diſturb Mid-day. Wilt thou alſo thus paſs over ſo good an hour?

Sol *now had paſs'd the middle part of Heaven,*
And to his bending Steeds the reins had given,
And towards Night his flaming Charriot driven.

The Soul of *Claudius* began to forſake his Body, but could not find the way out: when *Mercury*, who

who ever delighted in his Wit, calling forth one of the Three Fatal Sisters, said, Why, cruel VVoman, dost thou suffer this wretched man to be so tormented, who, alas, never deserv'd it? It is now the sixty and fourth year since he struggled with his Soul. VVhy does thy envy deny him death? Permit Astrologers to tell at last the truth, who from the time he was made Prince, every year, every month, have been carrying him to his grave. And it is no wonder they err'd; no man knew the hour of his Nativity: For, indeed, no man ever thought him born. Do what ought to be done.

Give him to Death, and in a better sort
To reign permit him in an empty Court.

But *Clotho* reply'd, *I was willing, I confesse, to respite his death, till he had made those few that remain, Citizens of* Rome: *For he resolv'd to see all the* Græcians, French, Spaniards, *and* Britans, *become Cown-men. But since thou art pleased that some strangers be left to propagate their race, and that thou so command st, it shall be done.* Then opened she a Box, and took out three Spindles; the first belonged to *Augurinus*, the second to *Baba*, the third to *Clandius*. *These three* (said she) *in one year, and in a little distance of time, I will command to die: For I will not send him away unaccompany'd. It is not fit that he who lately saw so*

many thouſand people before, behind and round about him, ſhould be ſuddenly left alone. In the mean time he muſt be content with the ſociety of theſe.

This ſaid, ſhe from her Spindle pull'd a Thread,
Which ſhew'd the fooliſh King would ſoon be dead.
But Lacheſis *with hair entwined round,*
And with a freſh Pierian *Laurel crown'd,*
Took up a handfull of pure Wooll, and wrought
With ſuch a happy hand, that it was brought
To turn from common wooll to burniſht Gold.
The change her Siſters wonder'd to behold.
Nor could they ſtay, to work they all agreed,
And found the Golden Age did thence proceed.
The task was eaſy, with ſmall labour done:
For preſently ſuch happy Yarn was ſpun,
The Woof whereof they truely might preſage
Would out-live Tithon's, *or old* Neſtor's *age.*
Phœbus *aſſiſted with his ſongs, and joy'd*
At future good; his hands were oft imploy'd,
Sometime to help them work, and other while
With his ſweet Harp their labour to beguile.
And while they heard him ſweetly ſing and play,
They found their Work went eaſilier away:
Taking ſuch pleaſure in his Muſick then,
That it ſurpaſs'd the Deſtinies of Men.
Phœbus *then ſaid, O Siſters, let my prayer*
Move you to take this Prince into your care,

And

And beyond mortal age his dayes t' advance;
For he reſembles me in Countenance,
And feature too; nor does he come behind
For Voice, and Inſtruments of any kind.
He happy times for wretched men ſhall cauſe, } Here Seneca writ but an ill augur.
And ſhall break off the ſilence of the Laws.
As Lucifer, *when Stars from ſight refrain,*
Or Heſperus, *when Stars return again;*
Or as the Morning when Day firſt appears,
And Sol *with graceful looks the ſad Earth chears:*
So Cæſar *comes, and ſo ſhall* Rome *behold*
Her Nero *with a Face of Heavenly mold,*
And with bright Hair that does his Neck infold.

Thus far *Apollo.* But *Lacheſis*, who of her ſelf favoured this gallant perſon, was ſo bountiful to *Nero*, as to adde to his, many of her own years. In the mean time they all bid *Claudius* adieu, and wiſhing him good luck, pray'd him to haſten out of his Palace. So he flirted out his Soul in a fit of Wind, and ſeemed to live no longer. He dy'd whileſt he was hearing Comœdians, that thou mayſt know I have ſome reaſon to fear them. The laſt words he was heard to utter, when he ſent out a great ſound from that part where he could more readily ſpeak, were, *Out alas! I think I have bewray'd my ſelf.* I know not what he then did; but I am ſure he bewray'd all things elſe. What was afterward done

upon Earth is needleſs to declare, you know it ſufficiently; publick joy hath deeply imprinted it in our memories: no man can forget his own felicity. Hear now what was done in Heaven: Let the Author's credit gain belief. It was told *Jupiter*, that a certain perſon was come, of a good ſtature, ſomewhat gray, and threatned I know not what, for he continually ſhook his head, and drew his right leg after him: and being ask'd of what Nation he was, anſwer'd in ſuch a confus'd tone, and with ſo diſturb'd a voice, his language could not be underſtood; and that he was neither *Græcian* nor *Roman*, nor of any known Countrey. *Jupiter* commanded *Hercules* (who had travail'd all the World over, and ſeem'd to know all Nations) to go and inquire what kind of man he was. *Hercules* went; and indeed was ſomewhat troubled at firſt ſight of him, though he fear'd no Monſter; beholding an unuſual countenance, and a gate ſeldom ſeen, and hearing a voice not like any earthly creature, but like ſome Sea-monſter, hoarſe and inward, he look'd for a Thirteenth Labour to be impos'd upon him: but eying more ſtrictly, he ſeem'd to be as it were a man. He therefore accoſted him, and, what was eaſie to one that underſtood a little *Greek*, ſaid, What art thou? whence come'ſt thou? what is thy name? When *Claudius* heard this, he rejoyc'd to find there men that lov'd Learning,

ning, and began to hope the Hiſtories he writ would be in ſome eſteem: and intimating himſelf to be *Cæſar*, utter'd this Verſe of *Homer*,

Into Ciconia *by a furious blaſt*
I driven was, when I from Troy *had paſt.*

But what follows is as much *Homer*, & is more true;

Where I the City and the State
Did both together ruinate.

And indeed he had put *Hercules* to his *non-plus*, being a perſon little skilful in retorts, had not *Febris* been there, who leaving her Temple came alone with him: all the reſt of the Gods and Goddeſſes he left at *Rome*. This man, ſaid ſhe, tells meer Fables. I who liv'd with him many years aſſure you he was born at *Lions*, and owes his privilege to *Munatius*. What I tell ye is true, he was born at *Lions*, fifteen miles from *Vienna*: He is a right *French-man*, and therefore as became a *French-man* he took *Rome*. I preſent him for the ſame born at *Lions* where *Licinius* rul'd long. And thou *Hercules*, who haſt trod over more Countreys then an ordinary Mule, muſt needs know men of *Lions*, and that *Xanthus* and *Rhodanus* are many miles diſtant. *Claudius* here grew angry, and with as much murmuring as he could make began to chafe. What he ſaid no man underſtood; but he commanded *Febris* to be carry'd

ry'd away, and with his hands opened, being ſtrong enough to do what was uſual with him when he caus'd mens heads to be ſtruck off, he commanded them to cut off her head. Thou would'ſt have thought them all his enfranchis'd creatures, ſo little did they regard what he ſaid. Then *Hercules*, Hear me, ſaid he, thou Fellow; leave playing the fool: thou come'ſt hither where Mice eat iron. Tell me the truth quickly, or I'll daſh out thy ſhallow brains. And that he might ſeem more terrible, he became a Tragœdian, and ſaid,

What place, ſpeak quickly, gave thee birth?
This club ſhall pound thee elſe to earth,
Which many a cruel King hath ſlain.
Look that thy Anſwers now be plain:
And let me know what clime hath bred,
What land produc'd that ſhaking head.
When I went far the Realms to view
Of that three-body'd King I ſlew,
And brought from Spain *with great renown*
The noble herd to Argos *Town,*
I ſaw a Mountain which the Sun
From Eaſt beholds, from whoſe foot run
Two rivers, Rhone *ſo fam'd for force,*
And Soane *uncertain of the courſe*
It is to take; whoſe ſlower pace
Does moiſten, not the banks deface.
Say then, Is that thy native place?

This

This he utter'd ſtoutly and boldly enough, but had ſome doubt he might be flapt by a fool. But *Claudius*, when he ſaw this couragious man, left trifling, for he knew well there was never his like in *Rome*; and alſo found that he himſelf had not ſuch power and favour there: A Cock may doe much upon his own dunghil. Therefore, as far as he could be underſtood, he ſeem'd to ſay thus, I did hope (O *Hercules*, who art the moſt valiant God) to have had thy aſſiſtance: And if I were put to find Surety of the knowledge of me, I did expect thy Teſtimony, who know'ſt me very well: for thou may'ſt remember, I was he who in thy honour did daily adminiſter Juſtice before thy Temple in the Months of *July* and *October*: and thou know'ſt how much miſery I endured, in ſitting to hear the Lawyers plead night and day; into whoſe hands hadſt thou fallen, though thou beeſt very ſtout, thou wouldſt rather have cleans'd again the *Augean* Stables, ſo much more dung did I rake up. Well, ſaid *Hercules*, I am content to be thy Patron, becauſe I will: and then brake into the Aſſembly of Demi-gods who were conſulting about *Claudius*: who murmuring at it, ſaid, It is no wonder thou ruſheſt into the Court, no place is ſhut from thee. But tell us now what God thou would'ſt have him. An *Epicurean* he cannot be, for he has no employment himſelf, nor gives any to others. A *Stoick*

God? how can he be, as *Varro* ſays, round and perfect, having neither head nor prepuce? 'Tis true, he hath ſomething of a *Stoick*, for we ſee he hath neither brains nor head: yet he might juſtly have deſired this favour of *Saturn*, whoſe feaſt he celebrated all the year long. But *Caius Cæſar* would never endure it, in regard he ſought what he could to kill *Lucius Syllanus* his Son in Law, whom he condemned of Inceſt. And why, I pray? Becauſe he deſir'd that his Siſter (being one of the ſpightfull'ſt women in the City, and was therefore called *Venus*) ſhould be ſtyl'd *Juno*. He would not ſeem to tolerate Inceſt at *Rome*, though it were permitted in the half degree at *Athens*, and in the whole at *Alexandria*; becauſe, as he ſaid, at *Rome Mice lick Mil-ſtones*. This man would teach us to make crooked things ſtraight. What he does in his Chamber we know not; but he ſearches all the corners of heaven, and would be made a God: He thinks it a ſmall matter to have a Temple in *Britain*, where the Barbarians give him Divine honour, erecting, as it were, an Altar to his eternal Dominion. At length *Jupiter* finding the matter agitated with confus'd interlocutions among inferiour Gods, adviſ'd them to diſpute no longer, and wiſh'd every one that had intereſt in that Aſſembly to declare his opinion. I, Fathers Conſcript, ſaith he, have permitted you to deliver your judgements in this ſublime

Court,

Court, which you have made no better then a Thatch'd houſe. I will have the ancient diſcipline obſerv'd. This man, whatſoever he is, what will he think of us? *Claudius* being withdrawn, firſt Father *Janus* was ask'd his opinion; who being very ſubtle, was made Afternoon-Conſul in the Calends of *July*, and alwayes looks both before and behind at once. He having been converſant in Courts of Juſtice, was very Eloquent, and ſpake ſo much that the Scribe of the Court could not ſet down all, and therefore I do not repeat it, leſt I ſhould put what he ſaid into other words. He ſpake much of the Greatneſs of the Gods, and that ſo high honour ought not to be given promiſcuouſly. It was wont to be counted a great matter to be made a God; you have leſſened the reputation of it. And therefore, ſaid he, that I may not in my ſentence look ſo much upon the perſon as the matter, I adviſe that none henceforth be made a God that eats the fruits of the earth, or whom the fertile earth in any ſort nouriſhes. Whoſoever, contrary to this Act, ſhall be made, feign'd, or be painted a God, let him be thrown to Hobgoblins, and at the next Prize to be play'd by the new Fencers, let him be ſoundly whipt. The next that delivered his judgement was the Son of *Vica Pota*, who was alſo deſign'd a ſmall Bankier Conſul; formerly he ſubſiſted by Traffique, and in petty Cities ſold Jars of Oyle. *Hercules* ſtept

handſomely to him, and rounded him in the ear. He then ſaid, Since divine *Claudius* was near in blood to divine *Auguſtus*, who no leſs then he did ſollicit the Deification of his Grandmother *Auguſta*, and did indeed far excel all mortal men in wiſdome; and that it is expedient for the common good, to have one who can with *Romulus* devour boyling turneps; My judgement is, that *Claudius* be made a God in as ample manner and with as good right as others were made before him; and that this miracle be added to the *Metamorphoſes* of *Ovid*. The opinions were various, and *Claudius* ſeemed to have moſt votes. For *Hercules*, who ſaw his own iron in the fire, ran up and down from one to another, ſaying, *Envy not me the honour of this work; I am concern'd in it: when you have occaſion I ſhall requite the courteſie: one hand waſhes another.* Then ſtood up ſacred *Auguſtus* to deliver his opinion; which he did with very much Eloquence. *Fathers Conſcript*, ſaid he, *I call you to witneſſe that ſince I was made a God, I have not ſpoken a word here: I always mind my owne buſineſſe. But I can no longer diſſemble nor contain my ſorrow which my modeſty makes greater. For this cauſe I made peace at Land and Sea, furniſh'd the City with Laws, and adorn'd it with ſtately Buildings. What to ſay, grave Fathers, I cannot tell: no words are ſufficient to declare my indignation. I muſt make uſe of the expreſſion of* Meſſala Corvinus *an eloquent man:* He hath cut in ſunder

ſunder the Majeſty and Juriſdiction of the Empire. *This man, Fathers Conſcript, that ſeems to us ſcarce able to fright away a fly, has chopt off mens heads with as much facility as a dog eats tripes. But how can I relate his many cruelties? I have not leiſure to lament publick calamities when I look upon my own domeſtick miſeries. Thoſe therefore I will omit, and theſe rehearſe. Though* Phormea *underſtands little* Greek, *yet I doe, and remember the Proverb,* Indignation hardly grows old. *He whom you ſee lurking ſo many years under my name, in requital hath kill'd two* Julia's *my Nephew's Daughters, the one with the ſword, the other with famine: and alſo my Nephew's Nephew* Lucius Syllanus. *Conſider,* Jupiter, *the cauſe being ſo wicked, and which concerns you near, whether this man ſhall remain with us. Tell me, divine* Claudius, *why thou didſt condemn any of theſe of either ſex without hearing, or taking cognizance of the cauſe. Has this been uſually done in heaven? Certainly it was never done. We know that* Jupiter, *who hath reign'd here ſo many years, only broke the thigh of one* Vulcan, *and taking him by the foot threw him out of heaven, and being angry with his Wife, hung her between heaven and earth to puniſh her. But did he kill her? Thou ſlew'ſt* Meſſalina, *to whom I was great Uncle as well as to thee. Thou wilt ſay thou *know'ſt not. The curſe of the Gods light on thee: ſo much more ſhameful it is that thou know'ſt not then*

*After he had put her to death, he ſent for her to Supper.

that thou didſt it. This man *ceaſed not to proſecute* Caius Cæſar *after his death: he ſlew his Father in law, this his Son in law.* Caius Cæſar *would not permit the Son of* Craſſus *to be ſtyled the Great: This man reſtor'd his name and took off his head. He ſlew in one houſe* Craſſus *the Great,* Scribonia, Triſtonia, *and* Aſſario, *all Nobles: But* Craſſus *ſuch a fool, as he might have reigned as well as he. Conſider, Fathers Conſcript, what a Monſter ſues to be made a God: will you now make him? Behold his body form'd to deſpight the Gods. In brief, let him pronounce but three words together, in any reaſonable ſort, and I will be content to become his ſlave. Who will adore this God? who will believe him to be ſo? In concluſion, while you make ſuch Gods, you your ſelves are not thought to be Gods. The ſumme of all is, grave Fathers, if I have behaved my ſelf honeſtly among you, if I have not been uncivil to any, revenge my wrongs; I for my part pronounce this as my opinion,* [and then read out of a Table-book] *Since divine* Claudius *hath ſlain* Appius Syllanus *his Father in law, his two Nephews,* Pompey *the Great, and* Lucius Syllanus, Craſſus *Father in law to his Daughter, an honeſt man, and as like him as one egge is to another,* Scribonia *Mother in law to his Daughter, and* Meſſalina *his Wife, and ſo many beſide that it is endleſſe to recount them; he ought to be ſeverely puniſhed, and to be allowed no appeal, but to be carried hence, and within thirty dayes to leave Heaven, and within three Olympus.* All

the

the Gods roſe to confirm this judgement: and without expecting further order, *Cyllenius* took him by the wry neck, and dragg'd him towards Hell,

From whence they do maintain
None can return again.

While they deſcended by the broad way, *Mercury* askt what that concourſe of people meant, whether it were *Claudius* his Funeral. And truly it was as glorious a ſhew as could be ſeen, ſet out with ſo much pomp, that it appeared the Funeral of a God: Such variety there was of Trumpets, Cornets, and Hoeboys. *Claudius* heard the noiſe: All men rejoyced and were merry, the People of *Rome* found they were at liberty. *Agatha* and a few Petty-foggers heartily lamented; the Lawyers came out of their holes, pale and meager, ſcarce able to breath, like men newly recovered from a trance. One of the company ſeeing the Lawyers lay their heads together bewailing their fortune, drew near and ſaid, *I told you* Saturn's *Feaſt would not alwayes laſt. Claudius* when he ſaw his Funeral perceived himſelf to be dead; for they chanted with a loud voice this Funeral Elegy.

Let your ſighs and tears abound,
Let cryes fly the Palace round,
At leaſt feign a mournful ſound;
Since ſo brave a man, whoſe head
Was with wiſdome fraught, is dead,
The Earth none like him ever bred.

In

In swift Races he excell'd,
His light dart the Persians *quell'd,*
And the Parthians *who rebell'd.*

He his foes did overthrow, (*know,*
Taught the Medes *his strength to*
And their Painted backs to show.

Britans *and the* Irish, *plac'd*
Beyond known Seas, he soon chas'd:
They to bear his yoke made haste.

The Ocean, which no bounds saw,
To Obedience he did draw,
And to yield to Roman *Law.*

Plenteous tears for him provide,
Who, though hearing but one side,
Sometimes neither, Causes try'd.

What Judge will there now be found
That will sit the whole year round,
And give Sentence without ground?

Minos *Judge of Souls below,*
T' whom a hundred Cities owe
Homage, will his Seat forgo.

But, O you of Venal *race,*
Lawyers, now in this sad case,
Beat your breasts and weep apace.

Poets too, who take great pains,
Though, alas, with little gains,
Vent your Sorrows in fresh strains.

You, 'bove all, grown rich by Play,
Shaking th'elbow night and day,
Never put your grief away.

Claudius was much delighted with his praise, and would fain have heard more: But *Talthybius*, Messenger of the Gods, laid hands on him, and covering his head that he might not be known, led him by *Campus Martius*, and between *Tiber* and the close way descended towards Hell. *Narcissus*, his enfranchis'd Servant, went before the direct way to entertain his Patron; and when he came near, he ran to him all neat and trim as out of a Bath, and said, *What? do Gods mix with Men? Hasten* (said *Mercury*) *and give advertisement of our coming.* *Narcissus* would have complemented longer with his Lord, but *Mercury* admonished him with

his

his Rod, and again bid him make haſt. No ſooner had he ſpoken, but *Narciſſus* haſtned as if he had flown. The paſſage is ſteep and eaſie of deſcent, and therefore though he were gouty, he came in a moment to the Gates of *Pluto*; where lay (as *Horace* ſayes) that hundred-headed Beaſt, which preſently roſe and ſhook his briſtled creſt. *Narciſſus*, who uſed to play with a little white Beagle, was in a kind of fear when he ſaw a Dog ſo black and ſhaggy, that one would be loath to meet him in the dark, and cry'd, *Claudius Cæſar is come.* And behold, a multitude came ſinging with acclamations, *We have him, let us rejoyce.* In this Company were *C. Silius*, deſign'd Conſul, *Junius Prætorius*, *Sextus Trullus*, *Marcus Helvius*, *Trogus*, *Cotta*, *Teclus*, *Valens Tabius*, whom *Narciſſus* had cauſed to be Executed. In the midſt of this troop of Singers was *Mneſtor* the *Pantomime*, whom *Claudius* for comlineſſe ſake had made leaner. The news was preſently carry'd to *Meſſalina*, that *Claudius* was arrived. Firſt of all came flocking his freed-men, *Polybius*, *Miron*, *Harpocras*, *Amphæus*, and *Pheronactes*, whom he had ſent before, that he might not want Servants in any place. After them came two Præfects, *Juſtus Catonius*, and *Ruffus*, *Pompey*'s Son. Then came his friends, *Saturnius Luſcius*, *Pedo Pompeius*, *Lupus*, and *Celer Aſinius*, who had been Conſuls. And laſt of all, his Brother's Daughter,

his Sister's Daughter, his Father in law, his Mother in law; all his near allies came to meet him: whom when *Claudius* saw, he cry'd out, *Behold, all places are full of my friends. How came you hither? Pedo Pompeius* reply'd, *What say'st thou, bloody man? do'st thou ask how? who but thy self hath sent us hither, thou murderer of all thy friends? Come let us go, I'll shew thee the Judgement-Seat:* and then brought him to the Tribunal of *Æacus.* He it was who, by virtue of the *Cornelian* Law enacted against murderers, inform'd against them, and made their processe; and now desir'd to have his name Register'd as the accuser of *Claudius*; that he had murdered thirty Senators, three hundred and fifteen *Roman* Knights, and of other People,

The number infinite, like Sand or Dust.

Claudius being much dismay'd, cast his eyes about to find an Advocate to speak for him, but found at present none. At length *Publius Petronius*, who was wont to eat at his Table, a man well vers'd in the *Claudian* language, appeared, and desir'd to be admitted his defender, but was refus'd. *Pedo Pompeius* accus'd him with great vehemency; *Petronius* seemed willing to answer for him. *Æacus*, a most just man, having heard but one side, condemned him, and said, *If he suffer what he hath done to others, the judgement is just.*

A great ſilence was made. All were aſtoniſh'd and wondred at the newneſſe of the thing, ſaying, the like was never done. *Claudius* thought it more juſt then new. It was long debated what kind of Puniſhment ſhould be inflicted. Some mov'd, that if the Gods would be pleaſed to releaſe the puniſhment of one, either *Tantalus* might be freed of his Thirſt, whereof he would elſe die, or *Siſyphus* of the burthen of his Stone, or *Ixion* have his Wheel ſtopt. But it was reſolv'd that none of the Condemned perſons ſhould be diſcharg'd, leſt *Claudius* himſelf might afterwards expect like favour. They agreed that a new puniſhment ſhould be devis'd, That ſome fruitleſſe labour ſhould be impos'd upon him, and a kind of Deſire, without End or Effect. Then *Æacus* pronounced that he ſhould play at Dice with a bottomleſſe Box: And now he began to caſt Dice to no purpoſe, for they ſtill dropt out at the wrong end.

As oft as he prepared was to caſt,
Shaking the Box, the Dice fell out as faſt.
And putting them into the Box again,
Like one that play'd, he found he play'd in vain:
For ſtill the Dice ſlipt thorough and were gone.
So Siſyphus *with many a heavy grone*
To the Hill-top bears his returning Stone.

Cains

Caius Cæsar now appeared, and claimed him in right of Bondage, producing witnesses who saw him box'd and beaten with Rods and Cudgels by him. He was adjudg'd to *Caius Cæsar*, to whom *Æacus* gave him: He gave him to *Menander* his manumitted Servant, to help him to frame Indictments.

FINIS.